

52
PGS.

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
ACG

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

No 7
OCT.-NOV.

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Fun! Fun! Fun! ...and MORE FUN!



SEND NO MONEY

Press the Button!
Watch the wheels spin
and "BINGO!"



The Family's Favorite Winning Game!
Fun Culture can be had for the first time at home with all the thrills, fascination and close calls of a real BINGO GAME. Loads of enjoyment at parties, games for the children and grown-ups who get their share of fun. Push the plunger down - round and round the wheel goes automatically and nobody knows who the next winner is. BINGO is a complete game of chance. Furnished complete with master chart. Good supply of BINGO cards and chips... \$2.98 complete. Rush your order today. Remit with order and we pay postage or C. O. D. plus postage.

A STICK OF GUM WITH EACH DEPOSIT!
CHewing GUM MACHINE and BANK
That's Really Works!
COMPLETELY FREE!

A PACKAGE OF GUM WITH EACH MACHINE
Fun for all, kiddies and grown-ups... the fascinating and sensational novelty that really works just like a real gum machine. Just insert a penny, nickel or dime in a coin slot - pull the lever and out comes a stick of real gum. It's a bank too because the money remains locked in and can only be opened with a key supplied. Made of gleaming plastic and metal in two bright colors.

AMAZING THRILLS! CONSTRUCTION FUN!



The New SPIRAL SPEEDWAY!
Simple, fast to assemble or take apart
Colorful wood with metal track
Comes complete with speed car
Stands 28" high, 20" wide and 18" deep
It's a toy of never-ending fun, this new SPIRAL SPEEDWAY combines the most thrilling action with creative building fun. The whole family will be intrigued when a variable speed car spins down the multicolored incline. What a joy for every child to be able to point with pride to the SPIRAL SPEEDWAY and say "I put it together myself". Easy to follow, illustrated instructions make it simple and fast to assemble the SPIRAL SPEEDWAY, or take it apart. Hours of entertainment, indoors and out, can be had by young and old alike with this sturdy, inexpensive SPIRAL SPEEDWAY!

SEND NO MONEY. Remit with order and we pay postage, or C.O.D. plus postage.

Imagine Only \$2.98 Complete.

SQUEEZE ME... I COO!



Introducing "CUDDLES"

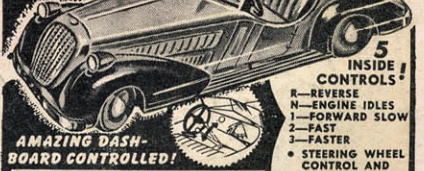
- 13 INCH LIFELIKE DOLL
- WASHABLE RUBBER WONDERSKIN
- SHE DRINKS, WETS, SLEEPS, COOS

Every child's dream will come true with CUDDLES - sensational 13 inch DRINK-AND-WET DOLL of washable rubber WONDERSKIN - the amazing new lifelike doll skin! SHE COOS delightfully when you squeeze her, when you hug her. Adorable CUDDLES has long wavy hair, sparkling blue eyes that open and close. She drinks from her bottle with rubber nipple (included) and then wets her diaper. You can bathe her - move her cuddly arms, legs and head - make her walk, sleep and coo! SEND NO MONEY. (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

only \$2.98 complete
TERRIFIC VALUE!
RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!

SENSATIONAL CONTINENTAL DESIGNED NEW

1950 MOTOR CAR!!



AMAZING DASH-BOARD CONTROL!
Turn the key and the car is off! You can make it go wherever you wish because it's a genuine 3 gear motor car that shifts into first, second, third or reverse... And if you want to stop, keep your hand on the steering wheel and pull on your brake! It's the miniature version of a grow-up convertible with all of the same features... long, slim lines, real rubber walled tires, a plextal windshield, straight running board, and two front headlights. Come already assembled in bright modern colors... A REAL toy for Junior, and Mom and Dad too, that will ride straight into every heart! SEND NO MONEY. Rush your order today. Remit your order and we pay postage or C.O.D. plus postage.

Imagine Only \$2.98 complete.

GLORIOUS "BLONDIE" WONDER DOLL WITH "RUBBER SKIN"

- 13 Inches High
- Lifelike Appearance
- She Can Be Washed
- She Has Moving Eyes



EVERYBODY LOVES ME... WON'T YOU?

Imagine Only \$2.98 complete

NOVELTY MART

59 East 8th Street Dept. 185 New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:

- Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M. O. ☐ C. O. D. plus postage.
- | | | | |
|---|------|--------------------------------------|------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> SPIRAL SPEEDWAY | 2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> CUDDLES | 2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MOTOR CAR | 2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> BINGO | 2.98 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> GLORIOUS BLONDIE | 2.98 | <input type="checkbox"/> CHEWING GUM | 1.98 |

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ City _____ State _____

THE SWAMI'S SECRET

Since the long-past age when wizards crouched in their musty dens, spiritualists have tried to lure phantoms through the hushed portals of the UNKNOWN!

How could this be done? That was the Swami's secret -- a secret that promised untold power -- but it was a dread power no human can control!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO VISIT A SPIRITUALIST... BUT NOW THAT I'VE GOT AN APPOINTMENT WITH **SWAMI HESHUG** -- I HATE TO THINK OF WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN!

INSIDE -- ALONE WITH THE CREAKING FLOOR BOARDS -- THE SWAYING DRAPES -- AND THE GLINTING EYES OF SWAMI HESHUG!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR AMAZING POWERS FROM FRIENDS, SWAMI -- AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO SUMMON THE SPIRIT OF MY UNCLE! HE DIED SIX YEARS AGO!

AH, YOUNG LADY -- HE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR THIS MOMENT! PLEASE STAND BESIDE THE CRYSTAL BALL -- AND AFTER I HAVE GONE INTO A TRANCE -- YOUR UNCLE'S GHOST WILL RISE!

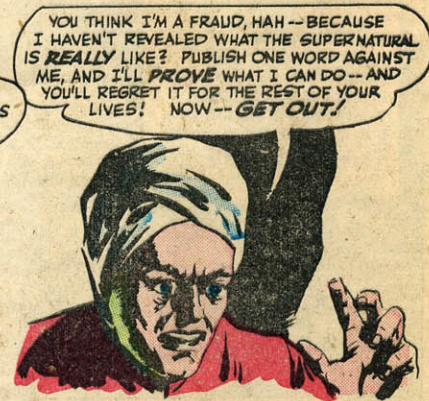
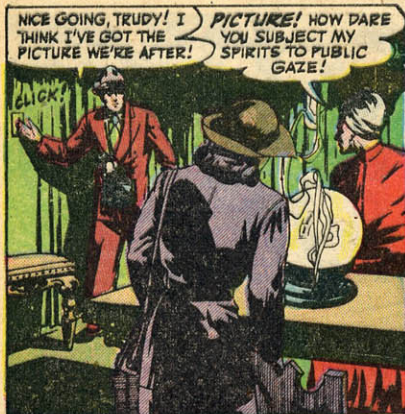
THEN -- AS THE SWAMI'S VOICE DRONES INTO THE GLOOM --

I AM SURROUNDED BY SPIRITS... ONE OF THEM RECOGNIZES A FAMILIAR FACE... IT IS CROSSING OVER -- INTO THIS ROOM!

OH, HEAVENS -- I'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

SUDDENLY -- BOTH GLOOM AND TRANCE DISSOLVE IN A FLASH OF LIGHT!

IMPS OF TOPHET -- WHAT'S THAT?





SOON AFTERWARD-- WITH THE MOON BROODING
OVER THE CEMETERY LIKE A GHOSTLY EYE --

HOPE WE WON'T HAVE TO
SEARCH FOR HARRIS'S
GRAVE, BILL -- IT MIGHT
TAKE HOURS!

PERK UP, HONEY --
THE POLICE GAVE ME
THE PRECISE SPOT!



AT THE FRESHLY-TURNED MOUND --

I KNOW THERE'S NOTHING
REALLY SPOOKY ABOUT A
CEMETERY -- BUT SOMEHOW,
I CAN'T CONVINCE MY
NERVES!

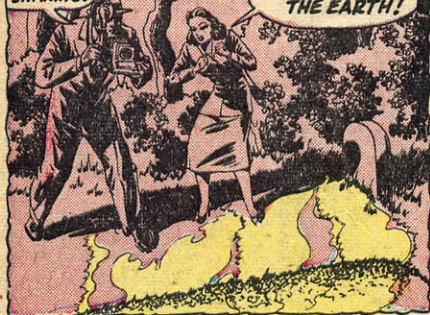
THAT'S A FINE
WAY TO TALK -- RIGHT
AFTER HELPING ME
DEBUNK SWAMI
HESHUG!



SUDDENLY--

FEEL THAT, TRUDY? THE
GROUND SEEMS TO BE
SHAKING!

BILL--LOOK!
THERE'S SOME KIND
OF TERRIBLE GLOW
COMING FROM
THE EARTH!



AND THEN-- BARELY SEEN IN THE DRIFTING MOONLIGHT--

BILL!

EASY...
I SEE IT!



I DON'T LIKE THE WAY IT'S
STALKING US-- BUT I WANT
MORE PICTURES OF THAT
THING! KEEP CLEAR, TRUDY!



AS THE STRANGE SHAPE
HOVERS SILENTLY CLOSER--

BILL--LOOK OUT!
DON'T LET IT
GET YOU!

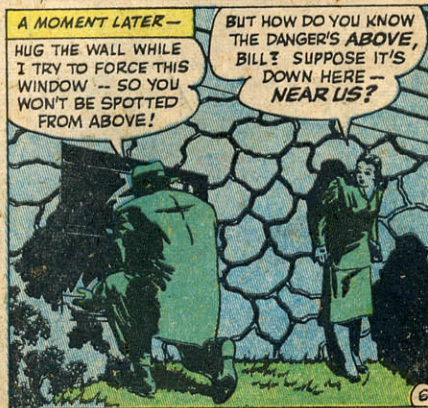
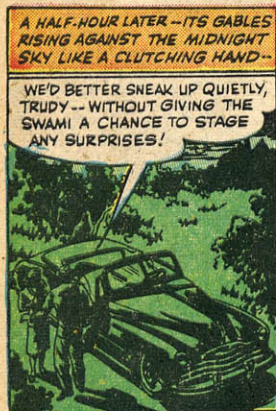


UNEXPECTEDLY--

FUNNY! HERE I AM, HELPLESS--
AND THAT THING IS
VANISHING!









GOADED INTO AN ANGER GREATER
THAN FEAR---

I'M NOT GOING TO
STAND HERE-- AND
LET YOU TORTURE
BILL WITH YOUR
HORRIBLE
SCHEMES!

YOU THINK
THAT'S ALL,
HAH? JUST
WAIT!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT--

OOOPS! I'LL BE
JIGGERED! THESE STEPS
HAVE BEEN MOVING DOWN
--AND THEY'VE
SUDDENLY STOPPED!



IT'S EASY ENOUGH TO THROW
A SWITCH--BUT NOW--LET'S
SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO
AGAINST THE SPIRIT
OF "CAT" HARRIS!

HERE'S WHERE THE
SWAMI LEARNS ABOUT
HAZEL TWIGS! GREAT
GUNS-- I'VE
LOST IT!



AS THE PHANTOM HOVERS CLOSER--

OH, BILL--
DARLING!

NOW THAT YOU'RE TOGETHER,
YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT THE
MATERIAL FOR A GRIPPING NEW
ARTICLE ON GHOSTS--IF YOU
LIVE LONG ENOUGH
TO WRITE
IT!



JUST IN CASE WE CAN'T STOP THE
PHANTOM-- I MIGHT AS WELL TAKE
CARE OF YOU WHILE I HAVE
THE CHANCE!



SHADES OF SHEOL-- MY ENTIRE SUPPLY OF
MAGIC HERBS IS BURNING! THERE'S NO
TELLING NOW WHAT THE GHOST WILL--
WHAT'S THAT?

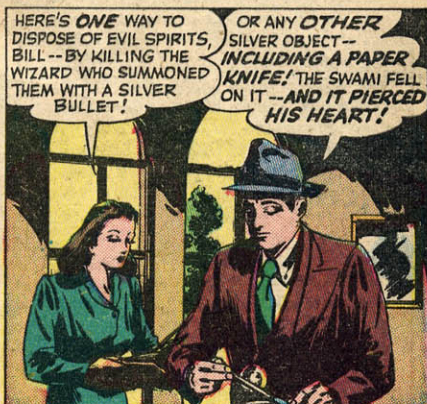


LIKE THE SHADOW OF DOOM
REARING THROUGH THE MURK--

STOP!

IT'S GROWN LARGER--
FIERCER-- AND IT'S
TURNING ON
ME!





HERE'S OUR 2ND PRIZE CONTEST-WINNING STORY!...

"GHOST MOTHER" by MRS. J. YAKAYIMA

I WOULD have laughed, once, if you asked me whether I believed in ghosts. Now, I'm not so sure. The reason dates back to Okinawa, during the fiery days of the second world war. The Americans were routing the Japanese in a bitterly-fought engagement, and the island was a virtual inferno. Shells shrieked through the air, bombs fell from the sky in a frenzied nightmare of rending horror. It was a life-or-death ordeal for the military, as well as for the native Okinawans, of whom I am one. I'll never forget it—never forget how we fled from the barrage.

I remember running with my wife—like the others, trying to find any shelter. It was a pitch-black night, rent by flaring explosions which dimly illuminated the grotesque heaps of bodies which lay sprawled everywhere, victims of the scourge we were attempting to escape. It was then, in a moment of sudden silence, that we heard it—a weak and childish crying that seemed oddly terrifying in itself. There couldn't be a child *here*—not in the midst of this carnage! But there was—a thin and miserable lad of about five or six who came faltering towards us through the eerie gloom. I ran toward him, clutched him to me comfortingly. "What is it, sonnie?" I asked. "Lose your mother?"

A heartbroken sob was enough answer for me, and his choked syllables soon supplied the rest of the tragic story. For the child's mother was dead—killed by shrapnel as she fled for safety with her small son. And now he was alone, unprotected amid this horrible strife! Mutely, he pressed a tattered photograph into my hand. Obviously, it was his mother—a slight and wistful-looking woman with dark and haunting eyes, a faint scar-like half-moon cutting across her left cheek. I tried to cheer the lad by telling him he could come with us, share our food—that we would care for him and protect him from harm. And so it was that my wife and myself continued our search for shelter amid the raging battle, but this time with the helpless child of a dead woman!

There was little rest that night. It seemed as if the heavens themselves had opened, raining blazing bombs upon us. From spot to spot we fled, the three of us, driven by a relentless hail of fire. We sought protection finally in a deep crater, and there fell into a sleep of utter exhaustion. It must have been hours later that I awoke with a sudden start and a feeling of strange unease. I didn't know what had aroused me, but then I saw *her* there—a woman whose features were barely distinguishable in the gloom. She was beckoning to me frantically, signalling for me to awake the others and follow her. I don't know why I obeyed her, but there was something about her—some strange presence—that brooked no denial. As I woke my wife and the child, the moon passed from behind a cloud, throwing an eerie radiance about this new visitor. She was a slight and wistful-looking woman with dark and haunting eyes, a faint scar like a half-moon cutting across her left cheek. I gasped, remembering the photograph, and it was at this moment that the lad caught sight of her. "Mother! Mother! You've come back!" he screamed, and threw himself frantically into her arms. I stood there dazed, rooted to the spot, cold chills chasing each other up and down my spine—and then collected myself.

Now she had detached herself from her son's grasp, and once more was soundlessly beckoning to us. There was a mute appeal about her summons that couldn't be denied. We quit the crater in which we had sought shelter, followed her questioningly across the pitted field. We must have been a hundred feet from the crater when it happened. The air was rent by the demonic shriek of a falling bomb. There was a tremendous concussion as we hurled ourselves to the ground. When we arose, fearfully, it was to a terrible sight. The crater in which but a moment ago we had slept was vanished—blown to smithereens! Shaken, I turned to thank the woman, but there was no one there. *She had vanished into thin air!*

The APE DEMON



WE'VE GOT TO HAVE GUIDES WHEN WE ENTER THE JUNGLE TO LOOK FOR THE HANUMAN APE! TELL YOUR MEN WE'LL PAY THEM **DOUBLE!**

NO, SAHIB... WE AFRAID! ONLY POWER OF OUR GREAT GOD SIVA HAS KEPT HANUMAN IN JUNGLE! BETTER YOU GO AWAY... AND LEAVE HIM THERE!

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THE JUNGLES OF BENGAL HARBORED A STRANGE DEMON CULT--AND ITS IDOL WAS A HIDEOUS APE! TODAY THE TEMPLES ARE MERE RUINS, LOST IN AN EERIE WILDERNESS--BUT THEY ARE GUARDED BY A MONSTER WHOSE CURSE GOES BACK TO THE FAR-OFF DAYS WHEN LEGENDS WERE ALIVE!

YOUR MEN AREN'T AFRAID OF TIGERS... AND YET THEY KEEP STALLING ABOUT THE HANUMAN APE! IT CAN'T BE THAT SAVAGE!

WE WILL NOT GO, SAHIB! ANYONE BITTEN BY THIS BLACK HORROR DIES... **DIES, AND IS DOOMED!**

GUESS THERE'S NO WAY TO GET GUIDES, DR. VANCE! WE'RE BLOCKING SOMETHING THAT LOOKS PRETTY BIG IN THE NATIVE MIND... **THE UNKNOWN!**

I'M A SCIENTIST, LINK... AND I'VE SPENT FIFTY YEARS TACKLING THE UNKNOWN! THE ONE THING I'M AFRAID OF IS DISAPPOINTMENT... BECAUSE IT'S MORE THAN LIKELY THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS A **HANUMAN APE!**

I KNOW I HAVEN'T MANY YEARS LEFT... AND I'M DETERMINED TO MAKE ONE MORE GREAT DISCOVERY BEFORE I DIE! IF THE HANUMAN APE **DOES** EXIST, I'M NOT GOING TO BE STOPPED BY SCARE STORIES... I'M **READY TO GO AFTER IT!**



AND SO THE PARTY SETS OUT...
HEADING INTO THE STRANGELY QUIET,
MIST-SHROUDED JUNGLE!

WEIRD, ISN'T IT?
IT'S SO STILL
THAT I'VE GOT
A FEELING OF
BEING
WATCHED!

CERTAINLY IS
PECULIAR, JEAN!
WE'RE DEEP IN THE
TROPICAL FOREST
...AND WE HAVEN'T
COME ACROSS A
SINGLE ANIMAL
OR BIRD! THERE'S
NOTHING...NOTHING
BUT SILENCE!



BUT MAYBE THAT SILENCE HAS
A SHAPE...THE HIDEOUS FORM
CROUCHED HIGH IN A NEARBY
TREE!



FOR THE REST OF HER LIFE, JEAN WILL
REMEMBER THIS INSTANT...WHEN SHE
CASUALLY STOPPED...AND RAISED HER
COMPACT!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER, JEAN
...SOMETHING
ON YOUR
FACE?

JUST A
COBWEB!

OMHH!
LINK!



THE
HANUMAN APE!
BLAZES, LINK...
WE'LL NEVER BE
ABLE TO GET
HIM DOWN FROM
THERE!

JUST A BEAST AT BAY? BUT THE OLD HEADMAN HAD
TREMBLED...WHEN HE CALLED IT THE **BLACK
HORROR!**

I'D HATE TO CLIMB UP AFTER
HIM, DR. VANCE...BUT THERE'S ANOTHER
WAY! WE'LL BRING UP A CAGE...AND THEN
SPREAD THE NETS DIRECTLY UNDER THE BRANCH
HE'S PERCHED
ON!



CAREFUL, DR.
VANCE! DON'T
TAKE ANY
CHANCES!

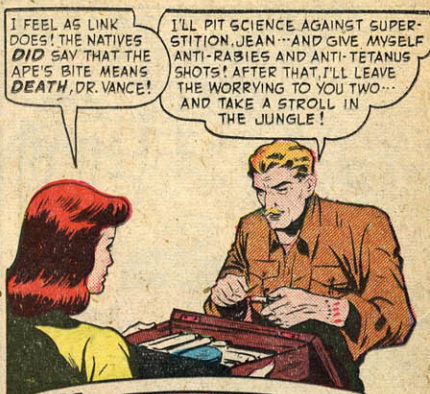
THE VICIOUS DEVIL...
HE NICKED ME ON
THE WRIST! NICE
TRY, YOU BRUTE...
BUT YOU'RE NOT
ESCAPING!





WHAT A SPECIMEN, LINK! I NEVER DREAMED SUCH A THING **EXISTED!**

THAT BITE YOU GOT IS JUST A SCRATCH--BUT SOMEHOW, I DON'T **LIKE** IT! WHERE'S THE FIRST-AID KIT, JEAN?



I FEEL AS LINK DOES! THE NATIVES **DID** SAY THAT THE APE'S BITE MEANS **DEATH**, DR. VANCE!

I'LL PIT SCIENCE AGAINST SUPERSTITION, JEAN--AND GIVE MYSELF ANTI-RABIES AND ANTI-TETANUS SHOTS! AFTER THAT, I'LL LEAVE THE WORRYING TO YOU TWO--AND TAKE A STROLL IN THE JUNGLE!

HALF-BURIED IN THE SILENT GREEN DEPTHS...

CRIMPERS, A RUINED TEMPLE...AND A **BIG ONE!**

IMAGINE THE NATIVES **FEARING** THIS REGION...WHEN IT WAS ONCE A CENTER OF CIVILIZATION!



SOON AFTERWARD...

DR. VANCE CAN LAUGH... BUT I STILL FEEL THE NATIVES ARE RIGHT ABOUT LEAVING THE APE **HERE**--WHERE IT BELONGS! THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT IT THAT **SCARES** ME, LINK!

LISTEN! DR. VANCE IS CALLING US!



BUT THIS CIVILIZATION WAS ROOTED IN TERROR... SOMETHING THAT LINK IS GOING TO LEARN!



HERE'S THE MAIN ENTRANCE ARCH! FUNNY I SHOULD **WANT** TO GO IN--AND YET FEEL IT'S BEST I **DON'T!**

TERROR...TERROR RISING IN GRIM, RANKS FROM THE DANK FOLIAGE!

STATUES--CARVED AGES AGO... **EXACTLY LIKE THAT THING WE'VE GOT IN THE CAGE!**





"ONLY THE POWER OF OUR GREAT GOD SIVA HAS KEPT HANUMAN IN THE JUNGLE!" THAT'S WHAT THE OLD HEADMAN TOLD US...AND I'M GETTING A QUEER NOTION THAT HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!



LINK... WHERE ARE YOU?

COMING, JEAN!

WHAT WITH DR. VANCE HAVING BEEN BITTEN BY THE APE--AND JEAN UNEASY ABOUT IT--I'M NOT GOING TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS! NO USE TELLING THEM THERE'S SOMETHING BEHIND THE NATIVES' TERROR!

(A) WEEK LATER...ON A SHIP BOUND FOR THE STATES...

NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE APE IN A STURDY STEEL CAGE DOWN IN THE HOLD, LINK--I FEEL A BIT EASIER ABOUT THOSE WEIRD JUNGLE LEGENDS!

I'M SURE THERE'S NOTHING IN THAT YARN ABOUT THE APE'S BITE BEING DEADLY...BUT JUST THE SAME--I DON'T LIKE THE WAY DR. VANCE HAS BEEN ACTING SINCE WE SAILED YESTERDAY!



HE HASN'T LEFT HIS CABIN ONCE! HE SEEMS TO BE TROUBLED BY SOMETHING...BUT IT ISN'T LIKE DR. VANCE TO BROOD OVER A NATIVE MYTH!

IT IS FOOLISH TO MOCK THE MYTHS OF INDIA, MY FRIEND!



WHAT? WHO ARE YOU?

MY NAME DOES NOT MATTER! IT WOULD MEAN LITTLE TO THOSE WHO DO NOT REALIZE THE TERROR THEY HAVE RELEASED FROM THE JUNGLE!



YOU MEAN... THE HANUMAN APE?

TAKE THIS AS A TALISMAN... AND PRAY THAT IT HAS NOT COME TOO LATE!



I HATE TO SOUND SILLY, LINK-- BUT PLEASE LET'S SEE NOW DR. VANCE IS!

I WAS JUST GOING TO SUGGEST IT! LET'S GO TO HIS CABIN... NOW!



A MOMENT LATER...

THERE CAN'T BE ANYTHING SERIOUSLY WRONG WITH DR. VANCE! HE'S LAUGHING!

Над
Н
Н
НА

ABOUT *WHAT*?
I NEVER HEARD
HIM LAUGH SO...
SO *STRANGELY*,
LINK!

Then...IN RASPING ACCENTS
BEARING A TOUCH OF FRENZY.

**HAAA! I'LL
GIVE YOU A
WHOLE BOAT
LOAD OF
SLAVES,
MASTER!
THEY'LL
OBEY YOU
...AS I DO!**

LINK...
WHAT'S
WRONG?
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO HIM?

I... I
HATE
TO
GUESS!

DR.
VANCE!

YOU'RE HARDLY
RECOGNIZABLE! AND
WHAT'S ALL THIS WILD
TALK ABOUT **SLAVES?**

HAAA...**YOU'LL**
FIND OUT? **YOU'LL**
BE THE **FIRST**
TO FIND OUT...I
PROMISE YOU!

AND AS THE CACKLING FIGURE GLIDES OUT...

DID YOU
GASP,
JEAN?

HE'S **HERE**...
DR. VANCE IS LYING
ON THE BED...
DEAD!

THAT HORRIBLE,
EVIL THING WE
SAW...IT WAS...
**DR. VANCE'S
GHOST!**

THE DOOR'S
LOCKED...**FROM**
THE OUTSIDE!

BUT **WHY**, LINK?
WHY WOULD SOME-
ONE AS HARM-
LESS AS DR. VANCE
CHANGE INTO A
THING LIKE
THAT?

JEAN, I SHRUGGED OFF THOSE WARNINGS FROM THE NATIVES... EVEN AFTER I FOUND THAT RUINED TEMPLE CROWDED WITH STATUES OF THE HANUMAN APE! BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE... **EVEN MORE TERRIBLE!**

THE APE'S BITE MEANT NOT ONLY DEATH... BUT DOOM, AS WELL! AND WHAT CAN THAT MEAN BUT ENSLAVEMENT BY A DEMON... A DEMON IN THE FORM OF AN APE?

ENSLAVEMENT... THEN THE MASTER TO WHOM DR. VANCE PROMISED A WHOLE BOATLOAD OF SLAVES... IS...



THE HANUMAN APE! THERE'S A KEY MISSING, JEAN-- THE KEY THAT OPENS THE CAGE!



SUDDENLY... LINK! IT'S OPENING!

WAIT... KEEP YOUR HEAD...



THE STEWARD! WHAT BROUGHT HIM HERE?

WE'LL LET THAT WAIT!... GET THE SHIP'S DOCTOR, STEWARD... AND HAVE HIM EXAMINE DR. VANCE'S BODY!



BUT WHO WOULDN'T GET PANICKY... DESCENDING FOOT BY FOOT INTO THE GLOOM... TOWARD CERTAIN TERROR?

I'M NOT SURE WHAT I'LL FIND DOWN HERE... BUT I'D BETTER GO ALONE!

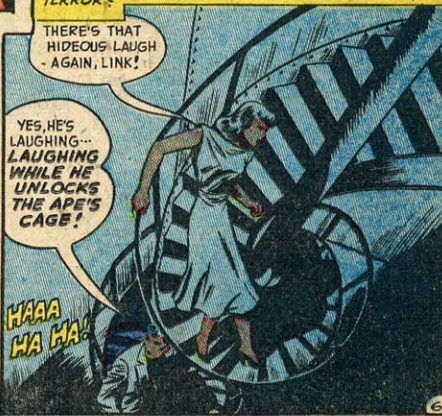
PLEASE, LINK! WHAT- EVER HAPPENS... I PROMISE NOT TO GET PANICKY!



THERE'S THAT HIDEOUS LAUGH - AGAIN, LINK!

YES, HE'S LAUGHING... LAUGHING WHILE HE UNLOCKS THE APE'S CAGE!

HAAA HA HA!





YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE, CREEP!

HAAA ...BUT IT DID GO SOMEWHERE! YOU DIDN'T LISTEN...YOU TOOK IT OUT OF THE JUNGLE...AND YOU'RE TOO LATE FOR CAUTION NOW!



WITH INFERNAL STRENGTH...THE POWER OF A DEMON UNLEASHED...



MIGHT HAVE GUESSED IT WOULD BE LIKE SWINGING ON A BOULDER! GET AWAY, JEAN... FAST!



IF I ONLY HAD SOMETHING...BUT THERE'S THAT TALISMAN THE STRANGER GAVE US...IN LINK'S POCKET!



BUT CAN ANY TALISMAN...ANY CHARM...CHECK A FIEND WHOSE EVIL IS AGELESS?

WHAT ARE YOU REACHING FOR...A GUN? SCREAM FOR A CANNON...A BOMB...AND SEE HOW MUCH GOOD THEY'D DO!

IT'S NOT A WEAPON...IT'S NOTHING DEADLY...BUT IT'S GOT TO WORK!



THEN...AS THE GOLD STATUETTE GLINTS IN THE MURKY SHADOWS...

YAARRGH!

(A) MOMENT OF CONVULSIVE ANGUISH... A FINAL SHUDDER... AND THE APE STANDS RIGID IN THE GLOOM!

LOOK AT IT! IT'S TURNED INTO STONE... A STONE STATUE!

JUST LIKE THE ONES I FOUND AT THE RUINED TEMPLE, JEAN! NOW... **WATCH WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE GHOST OF DR. VANCE!**

DRIFTING LIKE SMOKE BEFORE THE WIND... ITS HARSH VOICE FADING IN A DYING WHISPER...

MASTER! MASTER!

WE'VE BROKEN THE HANUMAN APE'S EVIL POWER... AND DR. VANCE'S SPIRIT IS RELEASED! I'M GLAD ABOUT THAT MUCH... BUT LET'S GET UP TO THE CABIN AND SEE WHAT THE DOCTOR LEARNED!

WE'RE DR. VANCE'S ASSISTANTS! WOULD YOU SAY THERE WAS ANYTHING... **MYSTERIOUS**... ABOUT HIS DEATH?

IT'S HARD TO SAY! IT COULD BE SOMETHING **UNKNOWN**... OR IT COULD BE **JUNGLE FEVER**... THE SEVERE KIND THAT CAN KILL IN A MATTER OF HOURS!

FINE LITTLE ANTIQUE YOU'VE GOT THERE! BUT I SUPPOSE YOU **KNOW** IT'S AN ANCIENT FIGURE OF THE GREAT GOD **SIVA**!

SIVA... THE ONE POWER THAT KEPT THE APE FROM LEAVING THE JUNGLE! BUT SPEAKING OF STATUES, DOCTOR... THERE'S **ANOTHER** ONE I WANT YOU TO SEE... DOWN IN THE HOLD!

(A) MOMENT LATER...

YOU SEEM TO KNOW A LOT ABOUT HINDU LEGENDS! CAN YOU TELL US ANYTHING ABOUT THIS HANUMAN APE STATUE?

FRANKLY, I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A HANUMAN APE! THIS THING MAY **LOOK** APELIKE... BUT IT REPRESENTS **HANUMAN... THE DEMON BEHIND ALL EVIL!**

YOU WERE LUCKY TO FIND SUCH A FINE SPECIMEN... THESE DEMON STATUES ARE ALMOST UNKNOWN! FOR SOME REASON... THE NATIVES HAVE BEEN **SMASHING** IMAGES OF HANUMAN FOR OVER THREE THOUSAND YEARS!

YES... THEY KNOW! ...I'VE GOT A STRANGE REQUEST TO MAKE, DOCTOR! I WANT A DECK CREW TO RAISE THIS THING OUT OF THE HOLD WITH A CARGO WINCH... AND **DUMP IT INTO THE SEA!**

Later...

I'M GLAD YOU UNLOCKED DR. VANCE'S CABIN FOR US, STEWARD... BUT WHAT MADE YOU TURN UP?

WELL, SIR... I THOUGHT I'D GO AND **TELL** DR. VANCE THAT YOU AND THE YOUNG LADY WERE ACTING A BIT **QUEER!** GAVE ME QUITE A TURN TO SEE YOU BOTH SITTING HERE... **TALKING TO AN EMPTY CHAIR!**

AS THE APE DEMON PLUNGES INTO THE GREEN DEPTHS THAT WILL CLOSE UPON IT FOREVER...

LINK... WE **DID** GET THE FIGURINE OF SIVA FROM SOMEONE... **BUT THE STEWARD DIDN'T SEE HIM!**

MAYBE IT'S SOMETHING THAT MUST BE **BE-LIEVED** BEFORE IT CAN BE SEEN, DARLING... SOMETHING THAT KEEPS THE FORCES OF TERROR CHECKED... **THE POWER OF THE GREAT GOD SIVA!**

The MUMMY'S CLOTH

TIME: THE PRESENT.
PLACE: THE VALLEY OF THE NILE, EGYPT. A PARTY FROM THE INTERNATIONAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY HAS JUST UNCOVERED THE TOMB OF SESOSTRIS, PHAROAH OF THE TWELFTH DYNASTY...UNWITTINGLY BLAZING THE PATH FOR ONE OF THE MOST GRIPPING ADVENTURES EVER TO HAVE EMERGED FROM OUT OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN!

WHAT A FIND...EH, DICK? ONE OF THE FEW TOMBS THAT HAS NEVER BEEN RAIDED BY ROBBERS! BIGGEST COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL DATA THAT'S EVER BEEN DUG UP, TOO!

LET'S OPEN THE SARCOPHAGUS, DOC...I'M ANXIOUS TO HAVE A LOOK AT THAT OLD BOY IN PERSON!



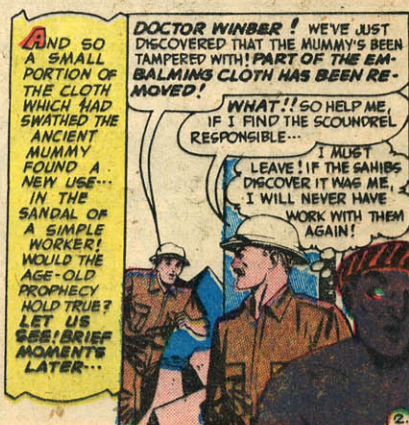
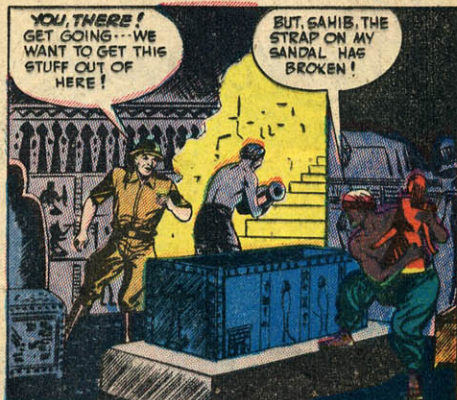
HEY...WHAT'S THIS? I'M A LITTLE RUSTY ON MY HIEROGLYPHICS, BUT...HMM...HE THAT TOUCHES AUGHT THAT TOUCHES ME SHALL SUFFER THE VENGEANCE OF THE UNKNOWN!"

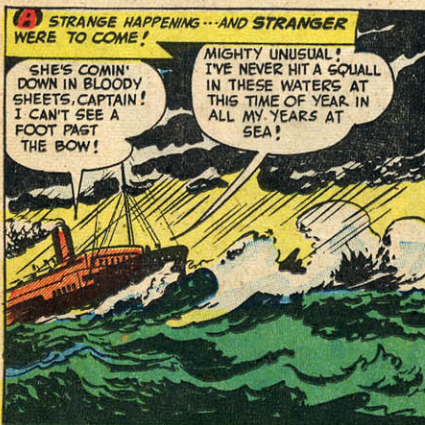
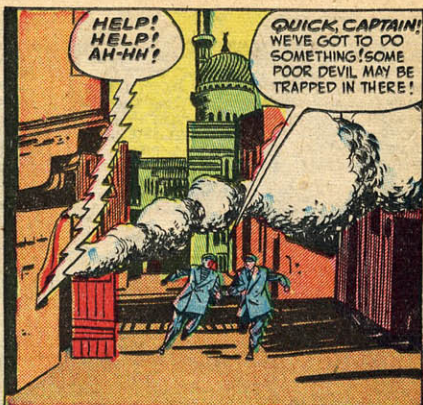
OLD SESOSTRIS WAS PROBABLY JUST TRYING TO SCARE OFF GRAVE-ROBBERS, I GUESS! FORGET IT...AND LET'S GET THAT LID OFF!

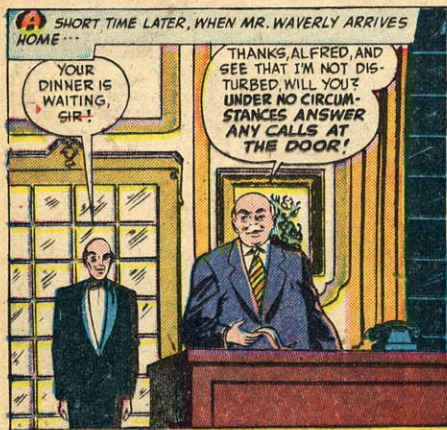
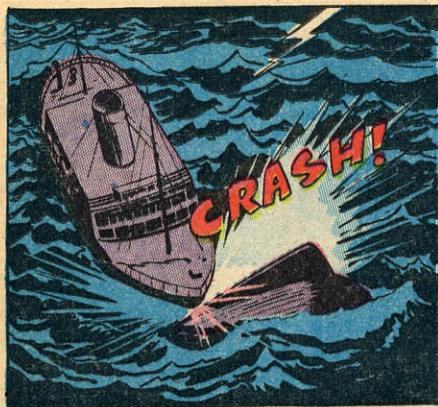
WOW! LOOK AT HIM! ...THIS OLD BOY IS ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE SPECIMENS I'VE EVER SEEN! HE'S PERFECTLY PRESERVED...THE EMBALMING BANDAGES LOOK AS IF THEY HAD JUST BEEN PUT ON!

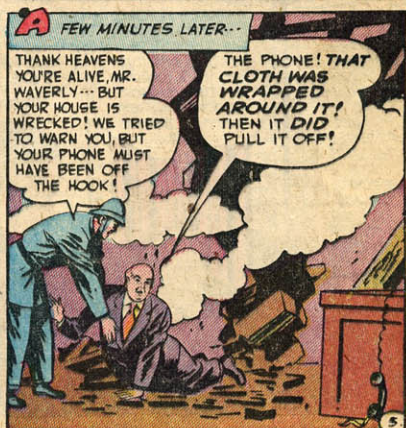
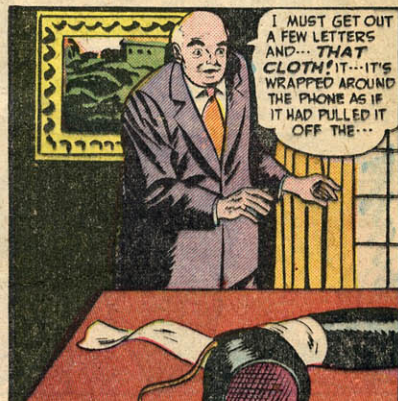
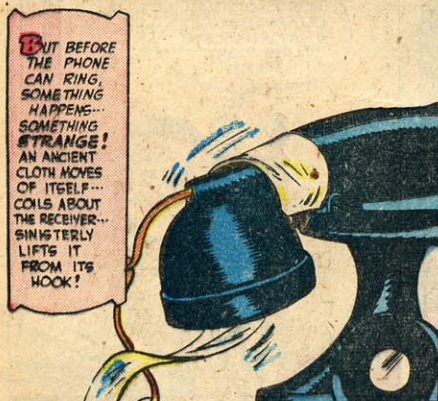
THIS WILL BE A FEATHER IN OUR CAP, SIR! EVERY OTHER MUMMY DISCOVERED HAS BEEN IN SOME STATE OF DISINTEGRATION...BUT THIS ONE IS ABSOLUTELY PERFECT!

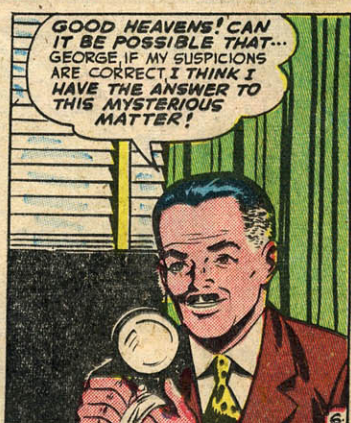
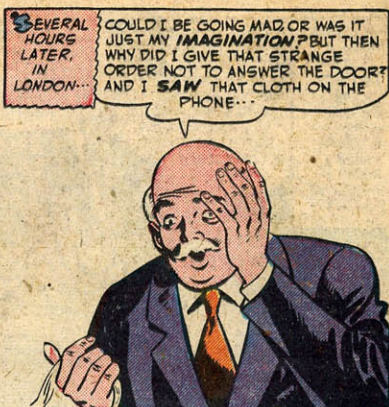


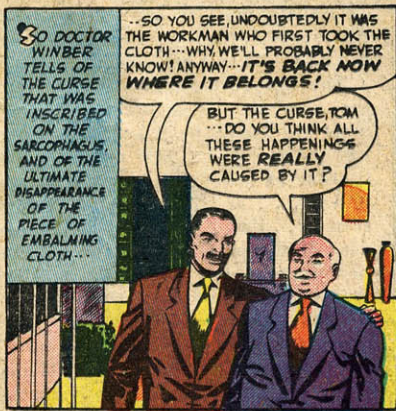












TIMELESS IS THE NIGHT

THE doctor's waiting room was crowded. But in the office, the old doctor stood idle by the window, looking out, his gaze turned to the weather-beaten shingle on the gatepost . . . *Michael Everett, M.D.* Just below was another, gleaming new . . . *Michael Everett III, M.D.* The young man seated by the desk was a carbon copy of his grandfather. His glance was fond, his voice confident as he spoke.

"Believe me, I've learned one fact! There's *nothing* that medical science can't do . . . can't explain!"

The old doctor turned away from the window. "Nothing that science *can't* explain?" he asked. His voice was the voice of a wise man facing a lifetime of memories. "How long ago it was . . . and how short a time it seems . . . that I too was proud, confident of the powers of science! I was new in town, and full of my medical knowledge. I couldn't sleep nights waiting for my first call. I knew it would come, and it did—at night, of course!"

"When my doorbell rang that night, I leaped from my bed to answer. At the door there was no one. *Not a soul!* But on the threshold I found a note. And fifteen minutes later, I found myself in the hall of a large house on Silver Hill. My patient was rich, and beautiful. Her hair was blacker than coal against the satin coverlet of her bed. Her face—whiter than milk! Her lungs were laboring, but thank Heaven there was still time to head off pneumonia. Piti-fully, the girl cried out, 'Doctor, save me! I don't want to die!' As gently as I could, I comforted her and wrote out my prescription.

"You'll be fine . . . fine!" I promised confidently. "Science knows just the way to save your life! Send one of the servants for this medicine. I'll stop

in to see you first thing in the morning."

"Next day, I came back to Silver Hill. I was whistling as I turned the corner to the house. Strange . . . the corner was overgrown with a tangle of weeds! And the house—suddenly I stopped, shocked breathless.

"In the light of day, the house was grey, broken, crumbling. An old ruin, in the space of a single night! A hand tapped my shoulder. I turned quickly.

"The old man had come up from the street. 'Who be ye, and what're ye after, son?' he asked. 'This place has been deserted for *ten years!*'

"My voice grew loud and wild. 'What do you mean? Hear me, old fool, I was in there myself *last night!*'

"The old man's reply was like the cackle of a parrot. 'There ain't been anyone livin' there fer ten years. Come on in an' see fer yourself!'

"Inside, the richness was gone. Grime, soot remained. And one thing more . . . *the smell of death!* I remembered the way to the girl's room. It was deserted. The bed was broken, empty with the emptiness of years . . . *ten years!*

"Behind me, the old man babbled. 'Ain't no one been livin' here *since the purty young mistress died!*'

"All at once, I was down on my knees on the floor, bending over a scrap of clean, white paper. I couldn't pick it up. I couldn't look at it . . . and yet I couldn't bear to tear my eyes away! I was shaking uncontrollably. My voice was a shout for help.

"Here, old one . . . here! This is the prescription I wrote for my patient last night . . . *in my own handwriting!*"

The old doctor turned back to the window. In the chair by the office desk, the younger Doctor Michael Everett was silent.

DRUMS *of the* UNDEAD

AN ANCIENT SUPERSTITION, OLD AS THE JUNGLE GODS THEMSELVES, CLAIMS THAT SOULS CAN BE ENSNARED BY THE POWER OF VOODOO...PROWLING AS ZOMBIES THROUGH AN ETERNAL NIGHT! THEIR SIGNAL IS A DRUM...A VOODOO DRUM...THE HALF-HEARD, HALF-FELT THROB THAT SUMMONS THE UNDEAD!



GLAD YOU DROPPED IN, SHEILA! I'M ILLUSTRATING A STORY ON HAITI...AND WITHOUT BACKGROUND MATERIAL...I'M STUCK!

HOW ABOUT DIGGING UP YOUR *OWN* BACKGROUND MATERIAL? IT JUST MEANS TAKING A CAMERA TO THE MUSEUM!



I'VE HEARD THAT HAITI IS THE HOME OF VOODOO! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, BILL?

NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW! ALL I'M SURE OF IS THAT IT'S A GOOD THING TO STAY AWAY FROM!



OH, MURDER...I DIDN'T REALIZE IT'S PAST CLOSING TIME! THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE ABOUT MUSEUMS THIS TIME OF DAY... SORT OF CREEPY, BILL!

WASN'T THIS *YOUR* IDEA? WE'RE GOING INSIDE...I'VE GOT AN AFTER-HOURS PASS!

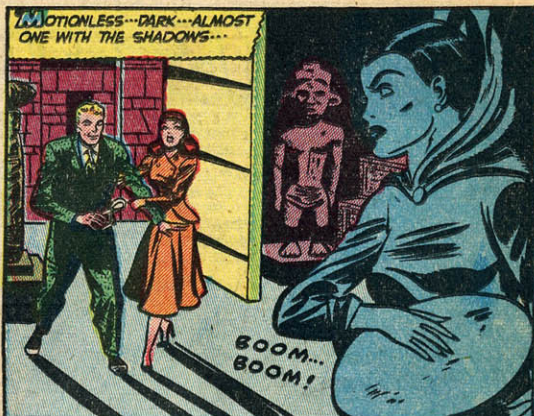


AND SO...THROUGH THE SHADOWED CORRIDORS...STIRRING WITH ECHOES...

THAT'S THE STUFF I WANT--THINGS THAT ALMOST MURMUR ABOUT MYSTERIOUS MIDNIGHT RITUALS!

BILL...STOP! YOU'RE MAKING ME IMAGINE THINGS...OR IS IT IMAGINATION?







THE GIRL IN THE MUSEUM!
WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT, ANYWAY?

THE PHOTOGRAPH!
I WILL NOT THREATEN OR FRIGHTEN YOU... I PLEAD...
...GIVE ME THE FILM!



IF YOU COULD ONLY UNDERSTAND WHAT THE DRUM MEANS TO ME... YOU WOULD KNOW WHY I HURRIED TO THE MUSEUM WHEN I ARRIVED FROM HAITI TODAY! YOU WOULD NOT ASK QUESTIONS... OR TAKE PICTURES!



JUST A DRUM... A QUAIN TITTLE DRUM... NOT WORTH A PICTURE... NOT WORTH YOUR PEACE OF MIND!

BUT WORTH A TWO THOUSAND MILE TRIP FROM HAITI, EH? YOU CAN SWITCH OFF THE ACT, SISTER... I'M NOT LISTENING!



YOU WOULDN'T GET THE FILM EVEN IF I HAD IT... BUT AS A MATTER OF FACT, I GAVE IT TO SHEILA! THE PICTURE WILL BE IN TOMORROW'S TABLOIDS... IF YOU'RE INTERESTED!

THEN IT IS DECIDED! YOU CANNOT GUESS MY POWER... YOU CANNOT SENSE YOUR DANGER... BUT YOU WILL FIND OUT!



WHAT A CASE... MUTTERING ABOUT **POWER DANGER!** CARIBBEAN CRUISE SHIPS DOCK ONLY ON SATURDAYS... SO SHE MUST HAVE COME IN ON A PLANE! LET'S SEE... SOUTHERN AIRLINES MAKES A DIRECT RUN FROM HAITI...



THERE WAS ONLY ONE WOMAN ANSWERING YOUR DESCRIPTION ON TODAY'S PLANE! SHE'S LISTED AS **ERZULIE BOCOR**... NO AGE... NO ADDRESS... NO DESTINATION!

GREAT! THANKS A LOT!

NERTS ON WORK... THIS I'VE GOT TO TELL SHEILA ABOUT!



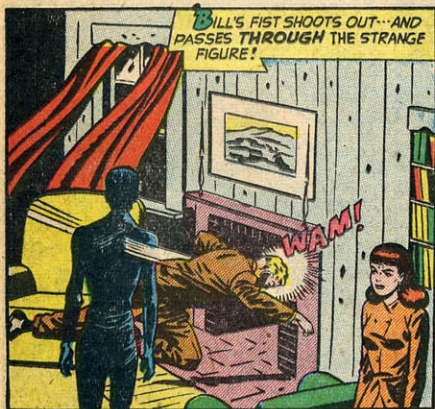
NATURALLY, THERE WOULDN'T BE LIGHTS IN SHEILA'S HOUSE... IT'S LATE! NOTHING TO GET SO JUMPY ABOUT!



NOTHING? THEN WHY BE TENSE WITH A COLD FEAR... AND WHY THAT STRANGE THUDDING OF A DRUM?

SHEILA... WHAT'S **WRONG?** WHY DON'T YOU SAY SOMETHING?





MINUTES LATER...



ERTULIE BOCOR! THAT'S HER NAME...THE WOMAN WHO TOOK THE DRUM! SHE SENT ONE OF THOSE THINGS AFTER SHEILA...AND THE CAMERA...AND SHEILA HAD THE ZOMBIE SIGN ON HER FOREHEAD!

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SAVE SHEILA AND DEFEAT THE AWFUL CREATURE WHO HAS HER IN HER POWER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT CAMERA BACK...AND FAST!



IF ERTULIE'S PICTURE WERE TO BE DEVELOPED, IT WOULD BE DEADLY TO HER...AS DEADLY AS A BULLET WOULD BE TO A HUMAN! WE DON'T KNOW WHERE SHE IS...BUT WE DO KNOW THAT SHE HATES YOU FOR HAVING CAUSED HER THIS TROUBLE!

I GET IT! YOU'RE PLANNING A TRAP FOR HER...USING ME AS BAIT! WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?

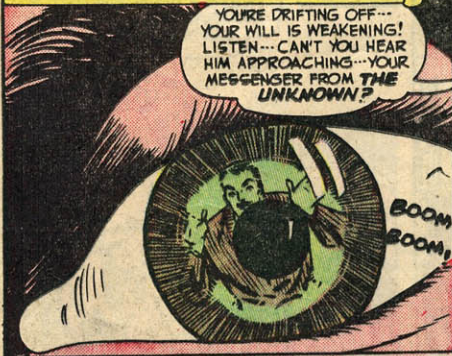


HYPNOTIZING YOU! IT LOWERS YOUR MENTAL RESISTANCE...AND THE UNDEAD WILL SENSE YOUR WEAKNESS! THE REST OF US WILL KEEP IN THE BACKGROUND...WHILE THAT EVIL THING SENDS ONE OF HER EMISSARIES AFTER YOU!



TO FIND THIS, TO SAVE SHEILA, BILL CONSENTS TO AN EXPERIMENT FRAUGHT WITH DEADLY DANGER!

YOU'RE DRIFTING OFF... YOUR WILL IS WEAKENING! LISTEN...CAN'T YOU HEAR HIM APPROACHING...YOUR MESSENGER FROM THE UNKNOWN?



MAYBE I'M BEING HYPNOTIZED, TOO! I KNOW ONE WHEN I HEAR ONE... AND IT'S A DRUM!

SHHH-H! LOOK!



WAIT...HE'LL BE OUT OF THE HYPNOTIC TRANCE IN A FEW MINUTES! WE'LL FIND HIM...AND HER...BY FOLLOWING THE DRUM BEATS!



SOON...IN A LONELY GRAVEYARD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

WHERE...WHERE AM I? I'M CONSCIOUS AGAIN, AND...SHEILA!



SO NOW YOU'VE GOT ME! I WONDERED WHAT YOUR STRONGHOLD WOULD BE LIKE, ERZULIE!

AND YOU MAY STILL WONDER! THIS IS MERELY AN OLD BURIAL-GROUND---A STOPPING-OFF PLACE UNTIL WE CAN RETURN TO THE LONELY DEPTHS OF THE HAITIAN JUNGLE!

BOOM!
BOOM!

YES, WE ARE READY TO RETURN... NOW THAT WE HAVE THE DRUM---AND THE CAMERA---AND TWO NEW ZOMBIES IN THE RANKS OF THE UNDEAD! YOU AND THE GIRL!



ERZULIE GOT A LITTLE OVER-CONFIDENT... CHANGING THE ZOMBIES BACK TO THEIR USUAL PHYSICAL FORMS! THEY CAN FEEL A PUNCH NOW!

ERZULIE PROMISED ME THAT WE'D ALWAYS BE TOGETHER THERE, BILL...THE TWO OF US...FOREVER!

NO, SHEILA... YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING! WE'RE NOT COMPLETELY IN HER EVIL POWER...AND I'LL PROVE IT!



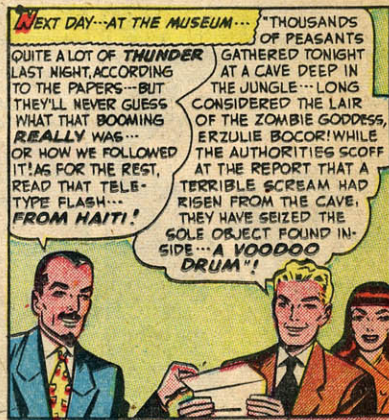
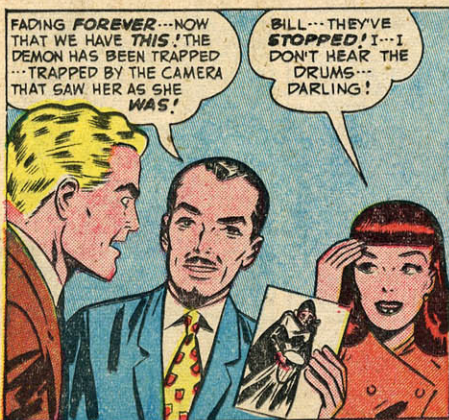
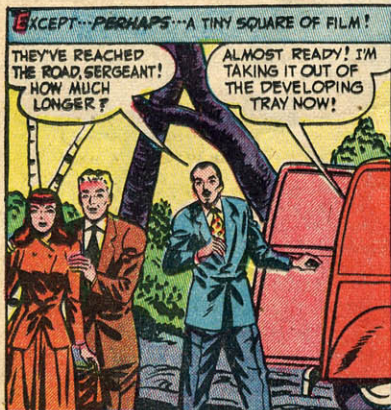
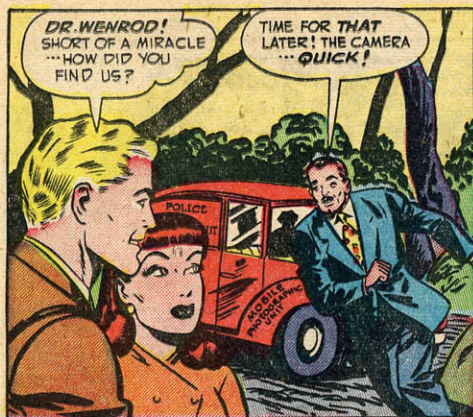
WE'RE READY TO RETURN TOO, ERZULIE... BACK TO THE KIND OF LIFE HUMANS WERE MADE TO LEAD...AND I'M TAKING THIS!

YOU THINK TO ESCAPE...NOW? WHEREVER YOU GO...THEY WILL PURSUE! WHEREVER YOU HIDE...THE DRUMS OF THE UNDEAD WILL SOUND...HOUR AFTER HOUR...NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...UNTIL YOU YIELD!

AND THEY DO PURSUE...WITH SLOW, PLODDING STEPS...ON THE TRAIL OF A QUARRY THAT CANNOT ESCAPE!

I...I CAN'T SHAKE 'EM OFF!

SCREEEEECCH!



EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

Draw up a chair, folks, and sit down! It's time for another meeting of that fast-growing organization known as *Loyal Fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown!"*

The time between our last issue and this one has been a hectic interval for us. Hectic because we were determined to come up with an all-star issue that you'd remember *forever!* We didn't leave a single stone unturned in this effort. We scanned your letters for the types of stories you liked best. And then we turned our research men loose, with orders to search for strange, little-known facts and occurrences out of the great *Unknown*—the very kind of material which you'd indicated you wanted! Next, our writers got busy, welding this information into tense and breathless plots which were sure-fire. Finally came the artists, bringing the stories to life through the medium of carefully-

planned and thrilling pictures.

Out of all this has emerged an issue loaded with truly gripping stories of the *Supernatural*. Such stories as "*The Swami's Secret*"—"The Ape Demon"—"*The Mummy's Cloth*"—"Drums of the Undead"—"*The Case of the Roman Curse*." These yarns are *different*—nothing like them has ever been published before! And we've gathered them for *your* entertainment, for this is *your* magazine! So why not do your part in helping to determine what we're going to carry in the future? It's *easy*—all you have to do is write us, telling us what you think of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*"—what stories you liked or disliked and why—and *what you'd like to see in our next issue!* Other readers are doing it—so why not you? And just in case you'd like to know what some of those others are saying about us, *here goes!*

"I have always been fascinated by supernatural stories. I have read many such stories, but after I read your *Adventures Into The Unknown* for the first time, I feel that the stories you print are more *realistic* and *exciting* than any that I have ever read. I like them because they appeal to the *imagination*. I look forward to every issue and can't put down your comics book till I finish it. Keep up the good work!"

—Fred W. Goldstein, 811 E. 178th St., New York, N. Y.

Glad you feel that way about our magazine, Mr. Goldstein! We'll try to keep it rolling the way you want it!

"In my opinion, yours is the *best* magazine on sale today. I have always been a follower of this type of literature and I think that *Adventures Into The Unknown* is *tops* in this field. It is so good that I have decided to own every issue published. Here is \$1.20 for a 12-issue subscription, plus 20c for which please send me issues Nos. 1 and 2, which I unfortunately missed. Thanks a million for the *most thrilling* comics book I have ever read!"

—James Parry, R.F.D. No. 2, Taft Road, E. Syracuse, N. Y.

Thanks for your kind words, Mr. Parry—and for your subscription! There's even better material coming—that's a promise!

"I have just finished reading your April-May issue. It certainly is a *wonderful* magazine! I especially liked your story, *Back to Yesterday*. I wish you would have more stories concerning *reincarnation*. I'd also like to see a whole magazine filled with nothing but stories about *werewolves*. I'm very interested in that subject! Unfortunately, I missed the issue which told about your contest. I've quite a story to tell—could you renew the contest? Your faithful reader—"

—David Roggensach, R.R. 1, Altoona, Iowa

We'll keep your wants in mind in framing future issues! Sorry you missed the contest, but we're considering an even more interesting one for the future—watch for announcement!

In this issue—our second-prize contest-winning story—"Ghost Mother," by Mrs. J. Yakayima! Congratulations, Mrs. Yakayima, for one of the most captivating and eerie stories in months! Your check's in the mail right now, bound for far-off Hawaii! And you readers—watch for our next issue, with more prize-winning information!

SOMETHING NEW... *Something* DIFFERENT!

FOR THE FIRST TIME...THRILL-LADEN ROMANCES...GRIPPING LOVE STORIES! HEART-THROB TALES YOU'LL REMEMBER FOREVER...BECAUSE THEY MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED TO **YOU!** FOR GREAT ADVENTURES IN ROMANCE...FOR THE MOST CAPTIVATING LOVE STORIES EVER TOLD...

*Don't
Miss*

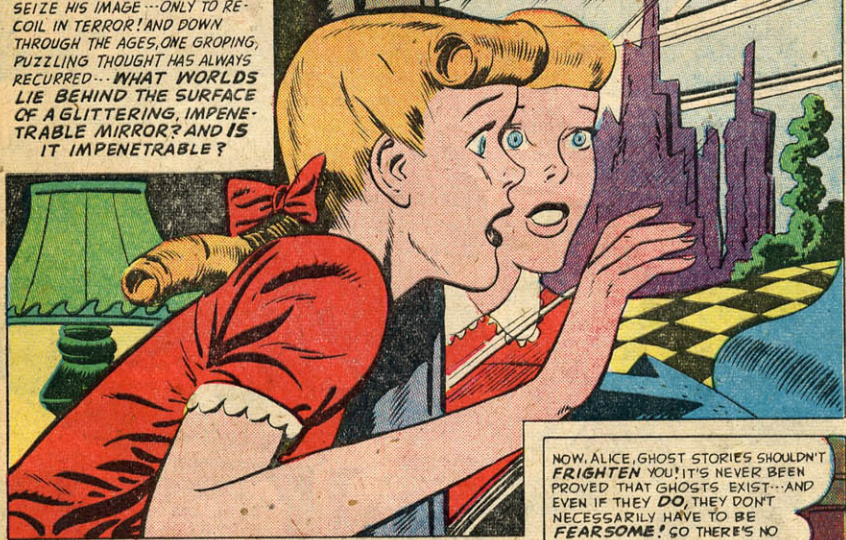


The MAGAZINE OF YOUTH AND LOVE!
*Romantic
Adventures*

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS

The WORLD beyond the MIRROR

MIRRORS HAVE FASCINATED AND FRIGHTENED MANKIND EVER SINCE THE FIRST CAVE-MAN LOOKED AT HIS REFLECTION IN A LONELY STREAM AND REACHED DOWN TO SEIZE HIS IMAGE... ONLY TO RE-COIL IN TERROR! AND DOWN THROUGH THE AGES, ONE GROPING, PUZZLING THOUGHT HAS ALWAYS RECURRED... **WHAT WORLDS LIE BEHIND THE SURFACE OF A GLITTERING, IMPENETRABLE MIRROR? AND IS IT IMPENETRABLE?**



LET'S LOOK IN ON A QUIET, MOODY GIRL, FOREVER ABSORBED IN BOOKS!... AND TODAY, IN HER UNCLE'S LIBRARY, SHE'S FOUND ONE VOLUME THAT SHE CAN'T TEAR HERSELF AWAY FROM...

G...GOLLY! I'D SURE HATE TO MEET UP WITH ONE OF THESE GHOSTS!



NOW, ALICE, GHOST STORIES SHOULDN'T FRIGHTEN YOU! IT'S NEVER BEEN PROVED THAT GHOSTS EXIST... AND EVEN IF THEY DO, THEY DON'T NECESSARILY HAVE TO BE **FEARSOME!** GO THERE'S NO REASON FOR YOU TO BE AFRAID IF YOU'RE LEFT ALONE FOR A WHILE... I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK!



HUH, AFRAID! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID ABOUT... IF GHOSTS **DO** EXIST IN SOME OTHER WORLD, THERE'S NO WAY FOR ANYONE TO GET INTO THAT WORLD! OR IS THERE...?



GOSH, IF ONLY I COULD BE THE FIRST ONE TO EXPLORE A **GHOST'S WORLD**... IF ONLY I COULD GET INTO IT BY... BY JUST WALKING THROUGH THIS **MIRROR**... LIKE ALICE IN WONDERLAND!



I'D JUST HAVE TO STRETCH OUT MY HAND, LIKE THE... **OMHH!** M... MY HAND!... IT... IT WENT THROUGH THE MIRROR!

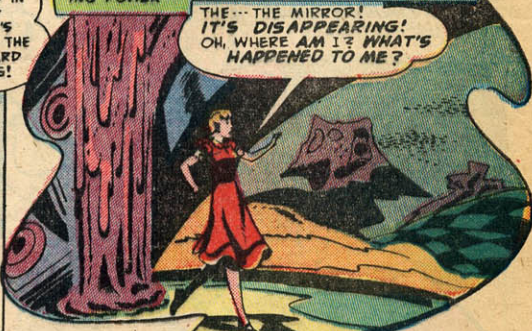


AND THE MOMENT ALICE IS COMPLETELY DRAWN THROUGH THE MIRROR BY SOME STRANGE, COMPELLING POWER...

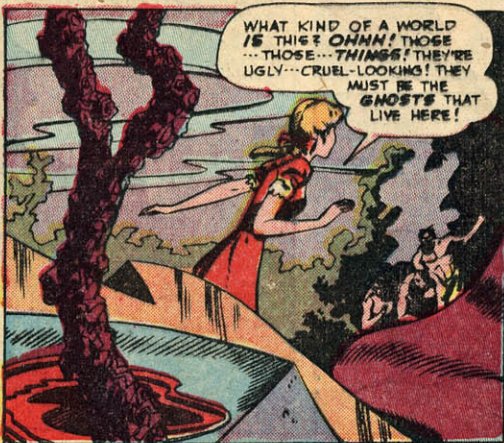
I... I'M BEING PULLED IN... BY SOME-THING! IT... IT'S ALMOST AS IF THE SPIRITS HEARD ME TALKING!



THE... THE MIRROR! IT'S **DISAPPEARING!** OH, WHERE AM I? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?



WHAT KIND OF A WORLD IS THIS? **OMHH!** THOSE... THOSE... **THINGS!** THEY'RE UGLY... CRUEL-LOOKING! THEY MUST BE THE **GHOSTS** THAT LIVE HERE!



THEY'LL GET ME! I'VE GOT TO... OH, THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE... **HELP! HELP!**





YOU...WANT HELP FROM US? BUT... BUT YOU'RE A GHOST!

I'M A GHOST? ARE YOU ALL MAD HERE...? THOSE TERRIBLE CREATURES OUTSIDE...THEY'RE THE GHOSTS!

WHY, OF COURSE THEY'RE GHOSTS...AREN'T THEY HUMAN? AND SINCE YOU'RE HUMAN, THAT MAKES YOU A GHOST!

NOW I **KNOW** YOU'RE ALL CRAZY...YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE! BUT SAY...I'M JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE...YOU'RE ALL **TRANSPARENT**...AS IF YOU'RE... YOU'RE...

WELL, OF COURSE...WE'RE SPIRITS! THIS IS THE **SPIRIT WORLD**! HUMANS DON'T **BELONG** HERE... THEY'RE GHOSTS TO US, AND WE **FEAR** THEM! BUT YOU'RE THE FIRST GHOST IN THE LAND OF **RORRIM** WHO'S **DIFFERENT** SOMEHOW... YOU DON'T TERRIFY US AS ALL OTHERS DO!

OH, IT'S ALL SO TOSPY-TURVY... EVEN THE NAME OF YOUR LAND IS BACKWARDS! IF ONLY I COULD GET BACK TO MY **OWN** WORLD, WHERE EVERYTHING IS ORDINARY AND CERTAIN! IF ONLY I COULD GET BACK TO MY FAMILY...!

THERE, THERE, DON'T CRY! WE CAN AT LEAST DO **THAT** MUCH FOR YOU...HERE, TAKE HOLD OF MY HAND!

THE MOMENT ALICE'S HAND WAS TOUCHED...

I'M...DIZZY! EVERYTHING'S WHIRLING ABOUT ME...

Then...

WHA...WHERE AM I? OH, WHAT A HORRIBLE DREAM! I MUST HAVE DOZED OFF... BUT WHAT'S **THIS** IN MY POCKET? FEELS LIKE SOMETHING HARD...

WHY... WHY, IT'S ONE OF THE ROCKS I THREW IN MY DREAM! BUT... WAS IT A DREAM?

WAS IT? OR IS THERE SOME STRANGE, FANTASTIC WORLD BEHIND THE MIRROR...A WORLD IN WHICH HUMANS ARE THE GHOSTS? WHAT DO YOU THINK, READER?



The CASE of the ROMAN CURSE

CHRISTOPHER FENN, EX-GI, LEFT THE ARMY TO ENTER A PROFESSION EVEN MORE DANGEROUS... THAT OF GHOST-HUNTER! ONE OF HIS FIRST, AND MOST FANTASTIC CASES TOOK HIM TO SOUTHERN ENGLAND, WHERE HE WATCHED THE CENTURIES CRUMBLE AWAY AND HEARD THE GHOSTLY, UNDYING TRAMP OF SANDALED FEET ON ROMAN ROADSTHAT, SAFE IN YOUR ARMCHAIR AND SNUG BESIDE WARM FIRES, WILL NEVER FORGET THIS STRANGE ADVENTURE INTO THE GREAT UNKNOWN...

"The CASE OF THE ROMAN CURSE!"



IN A SMALL VILLAGE IN WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND...

I DON'T LIKE WALKING HOME THIS LATE, ALF! GOT TO PASS THE OLD ROMAN CAMP!

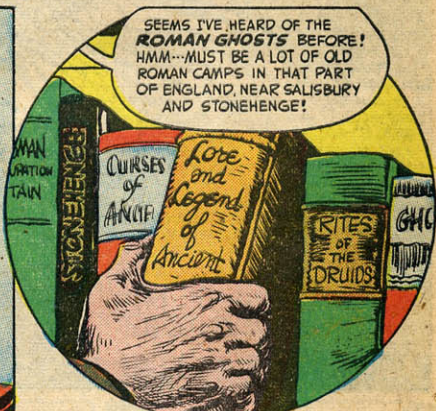
CAN'T SAY I ENVY YOU! THERE'S A MOON--AND THE YEW TREES ARE IN BLOOM! IT'S A NIGHT FOR SPIRITS!

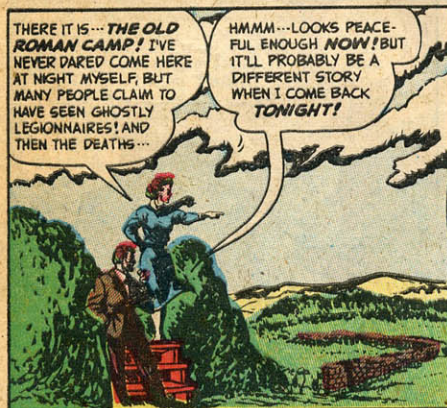
ALF'S RIGHT! THE OLD ROMAN GHOSTS ONLY APPEAR ON A MOON-LIT NIGHT, WITH THE YEW TREES OUT, AND JUST AROUND THE BEND I G-GOT TO PASS THAT HAUNTED SPOT...

SUDDENLY, FROM BEHIND A DARK, WIND-BLOWN HEDGE...

JUPITER'S BEARD... ANOTHER CURSED INTRUDER! AND HE MUST PAY THE PENALTY!











ENTER, STRANGERS...
OUR LEADER WANTS TO
HEAR YOUR STORY! BUT
IT WILL AVAIL YOU
LITTLE!

WELL, AT LEAST
WE'RE STILL ALIVE!
NOW IF I CAN JUST
KEEP TALKING FAST
ENOUGH...AND LONG
ENOUGH...



HAH...TWO MORTALS! AND TRES-
PASSING IN THE CAMP OF THE
UNDEAD! FOOLS! DO YOU NOT
KNOW THE PENALTY? WHO ARE
YOU AND WHAT DO YOU WANT
HERE?



I'M CHRISTOPHER
FENN! MY BUSINESS
IS GHOSTS...
ERADICATING
THEM!

HE...HE
MUST BE
MAD,
TALKING
LIKE THAT!
THEY'LL
SURELY
KILL US
NOW!

YOU...YOU SAY
YOU CAN
ERADICATE
GHOSTS? PLACE
THEM AT REST?



THE SPECTRAL LEADER SHOWS NO ANGER...INSTEAD,
A STRANGE EAGERNESS!

COME, STRANGERS!
LET ME SHOW YOU THE
THING FOR WHICH WE
WERE CURSED MANY
CENTURIES AGO!

GOOD THING
I READ UP
ON THIS
CASE! MY
HUNCHES
HAVE BEEN
RIGHT SO
FAR!

LOOK! THOSE
OTHERS...
THEY'RE GHOSTS
TOO! BUT THE
GHOSTS OF ANCIENT
BRITONS WHO
USED TO INHABIT
THESE PARTS!



NO!
SPARE
ME!

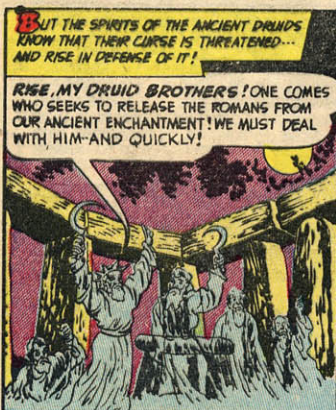
THERE IS THE
REASON FOR THE
CURSE ON US,
STRANGERS! THE
FOOLS FOUGHT
US-- REBELLED--
AND I ORDERED
PUNISHMENT
BY THE
SWORD!

FOR MY DEED I WAS CURSED BY
THE DRUIDS, PRIESTS OF
THESE PEOPLE! NEITHER MYSELF
NOR MY LEGION COULD EVER FIND
PEACE... EVEN AFTER DEATH!
EVERY SPRING, WHEN THE MOON
IS HIGH AND THE YEW TREES IN
BLOOM, WE MUST RETURN AND DO
THE TERRIBLE DEED OVER AGAIN!
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS,
STRANGER, NOT TO BE
ALLOWED TO REST
IN PEACE?



I HAVE PRAYED TO OUR ROMAN GODS... AND
THEY DO NOT ANSWER! BUT YOU SAY YOU
HAVE MUCH KNOWLEDGE OF GHOSTS! I
COMMAND YOU-- GO TO THE PLACE OF
THE DRUIDS AND DESTROY THIS
CURSE, OR YOU BOTH DIE!

GOOD GRIEF!
WHAT A TASK I'VE
CUT OUT FOR MY-
SELF NOW!





JIKER... AN EERIE SPECTACLE! FROM OUT OF THE UNKNOWN... ACROSS THE DEAD CENTURIES... TWO GHOSTLY FORCES CLASH!





HAH...MY CHANCE!
WHILE HE FIGHTS THE
MORTAL, I WILL
STRIKE!



NO YOU DON'T!
I NEED HIM FOR MY
OWN ENDS! WE'LL
TRY THIS YEW SPRIG
ON YOU!

HO...YOU
DARE TO
FIGHT
ME?



AHHHH!
THE MAGIC OF
THE YEW! I'M
...LOST...



AND WHEN FENN TURNS AGAIN TO THE HIGH PRIEST OF
THE DRUIDS...

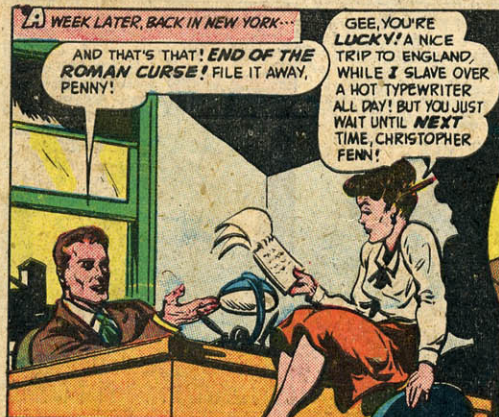
CEASE, MY SON! THE FIGHTING
IS DONE! YOU HAVE SAVED MY SPIRIT
FROM ETERNAL DEATH...AND IN THANKS,
I REMOVE THE CURSE FROM
THE ROMAN LEGION! MAY THEY
SLEEP FOREVER IN ETERNAL PEACE!
NOW GO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

LADY PAMELA! ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT? THE
CURSE...IT'S GONE
FOREVER!

I'M...ALL RIGHT! BUT
IT WAS SO STRANGE!
SUDDENLY THE ROMANS
VANISHED...AND
EVERYTHING FELL
INTO RUINS! JUST
SEE THESE OLD
CHAINS...



A WEEK LATER, BACK IN NEW YORK...

AND THAT'S THAT! END OF THE
ROMAN CURSE! FILE IT AWAY,
PENNY!

GEE, YOU'RE
LUCKY! A NICE
TRIP TO ENGLAND,
WHILE I SLAVE OVER
A HOT TYPEWRITER
ALL DAY! BUT YOU JUST
WAIT UNTIL NEXT
TIME, CHRISTOPHER
FENN!



A NICE TRIP TO ENGLAND!
BROTHER, IT WAS AN ADVENTURE
INTO THE UNKNOWN! IF
SHE ONLY KNEW!

The
END.

Announcing SOMETHING NEW... SOMETHING DIFFERENT!

...A mirthful magazine that brings the MOVIES to YOU!

9 1/2 FUNNY FILMS ...THE
FIRST REAL NOVELTY IN FUNNY
ANIMAL COMICS!

You've roared at moving picture cartoons...now for the first time ever, see them brought to life in the laugh-packed pages of the funniest, most fascinating book in the history of comics! It's turned out by the very writers and artists who produce Hollywood's most hilarious hits! And now they bring the movies **RIGHT INTO YOUR HOME!**

FUNNY FILMS features characters such as you've laughed at on the screen... in rollicking **LAFF MOVIES** that'll stretch you in the aisles! From cover to cover, it's chockful of the very type of mad, gay antics that your theatre charges high prices for! Full of racy, riotous roars...a laff a second guaranteed... and a host of sensational surprises that you'll **NEVER** forget! So remember... you don't have to go to the movies anymore to see the best in cartoon comics...**WE'RE BRINGING THE MOVIES TO YOU!**



They're **FUNNY**
all in... **FILMS**

10¢
ON ALL
STANDS



298
each
(2 for 5.85)

2-PIECE PASTEL

Peplum Jacket — Flare Skirt

Flattering! Panel front jacket, washable applique trim, flirty peplum. Linen-like Wundalin cotton. Lilac, Blue, Pink, Grey, Brown, or Aqua.

SIZES: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20; 40, 42, 44.

Order NO. 2527 Only **298**
each
(2 for 5.85)

298
each

(2 for 5.85)

LIGHT'N DARK

Newest "Tone-on-Tone" Dress! FOR YOU! This stunning style ... this low priced Turn-back cap sleeves, yoke effect, and skirt insets in light tones contrast with dark shades of the same color. Fitted bodice, swirl, full skirt, buckle belt. Wonderful Wundalin cotton. Colors: Brown with Pink, Navy with Light Blue, Green with Light Green.

SIZES: 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20.

Order NO. 141

Only **298**
each
(2 for 5.85)



YOU CAN CHOOSE

*America's
Smartest Cottons*
so easy to order
BY MAIL from
FLORIDA FASHIONS

You get

**MORE FOR
YOUR MONEY!**

More BEAUTY!

More STYLE!

More VALUE!

SO EASY
TO ORDER BY MAIL
THESE Unusual DRESSES!
THESE Miracle Values!



198
each
(2 for 3.88)

FAVORITA

"Hug Me Tight" Waistline Get 2 FAVORITAS at this low price. 12 row elastic-shirred midriff keeps your waist tiny, makes the skirt billow out. Stunning bubble print on stripe ground. New plunge neckline. STRIPE in Black, Brown or Navy; PLAID in Red or Green.

SIZES: 9, 11, 13, 15, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. . . Only **198**
each
(2 for 3.88)

ALL OF THESE DRESSES ARE MADE TO
FLORIDA FASHIONS' HIGH STANDARDS
OF QUALITY AND WORKMANSHIP.
Washable high count cotton fabrics ...
every dress GUARANTEED: fast color ...
full cut ... correct fit ... true to size.

Also in colorful
Red or Green Plaid
BUY BOTH
... STRIPE
and PLAID
FAVORITAS
and SAVE ...
2 for 3.88

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

You can make an exchange
or get an immediate refund
... no questions asked ... if
you are not 100% thrilled
with your dresses.

Florida fashions, inc.

FLORIDA FASHIONS, SANFORD 481 FLORIDA

Please send me these dresses on approval at the price listed plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted I may return purchases within ten days for refund. (You may enclose purchase price plus 20 cents postage, saving C.O.D. fees. Same refund privilege.) (8)

Quan.	Style	Size	Color	2nd Color Choice	Price
	No. 2527				2.98 (2 for 5.85)
	No. 141				
	No. 1800				1.98 (2 for 3.88)
	PLAID				
					TOTAL

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SEND NO MONEY • We Mail Immediately • Write for FREE Style Folder